

EXTRA!

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Trinity



Tripod

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COMIC ISSUE

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COMIC ISSUE

No. 23

Dr. Jacobs to Run for President of United States; Humbly Accepts Trust

Nomination of Jake Makes Donald Duck

By JEFF COBB

Amidst steaming vats of Mystery Dishes and cauldrons of kumquats, defeated Jacobite nominee, Donald "Chef Boy-Ar-Dee" Prendergast, was found by Tripod reporter Slookfeed Q. Gasbag. When asked about his future political aspirations, Prendergast answered with the wild-eyed look of a Monagasque witch doctor and said, "A.C. will rue the day he won the Jacobite nomination. They'll never use my Cave for campaign headquarters. I'm planning on adding one teaspoon of Sani-Flush to every cup of coffee that rabble-rousing group drinks."

At the present time, Mercer and Dunbar have been employed by Campaign Manager "Bookstore" Russell for the purpose of having a 24-hour surveillance on the Cave. Retaliation has been feared by pro-Prendergast leaders.

When asked if he planned to bolt the Jacobite party and strike out on his own Prendergast said, "as Pogo goes, so goes Prendergast!"



Dr. Jacobs learning of his nomination in Armpit Room of Civi's Pizza Palace.

Jacobite Choice Heralded in Armpit Room of Pizza Palace

By RAGS THE TIGER AND CRUSADER RABBIT

(Special to the Trinity Tripod—)

The campus was rocked last week by a late bulletin coming over the United Press Teletype machine in the subterranean headquarters of Radio Freedom (WRTC). The clang of five consecutive bells heralded the announcement that Dr. Albert C. Jacobs had accepted the Jacobite nomination for the presidency of the United States.

The nomination was proclaimed after an all night party caucus in the Armpit Room of Civi's Pizza Palace. Amid ten-gallon cans of Contadina tomato paste and mounds of stale mozzarella, Campaign Manager Hormone B. (B for Bookstore) Russell stirred party members to a frenzied lather of emotion as he tallied the last of the ballots—a tally which dealt out the crowning blow to Jacobs' fatuous opponent, Donald Prendergast.

In accepting the nomination, Jacobs' voice was all but drowned out by fanatical shouts of "All The Way With A.C.J." Overly enthusiastic party members were reported to have coated the ceiling with pizza dough in their exuberant approval of the appointment.

Suddenly Jacobs' deep bass voice boomed through the din with the epoch-making aphorism: "My friends, my DEAR friends, I am profoundly honored with the trust you have placed in me, and I swear, never by look, word, or deed, to betray any of the ideals or tenets of our Party, and I assure you, I will endeavor to advance the interests of our nation at home, abroad, and in the streets of Hartford."

Dr. Jacobs' career was endangered temporarily, however, when a careless Jacobite tossed a lighted cigarette into an exposed grease-vat. Spumes of thick black smoke exuded from the receptacle, filling the room with thick clouds of greasy vapor. Risking his life for his candidate, Campaign Manager "Bookstore" Russell dashed through the flames and emptied the contents of a nearby spaghetti pot into the bowl of Jacobs' pipe, thinking that to be the source of the fire. Then, despite indignant shouts of "Oh Hell!" from the presidential candidate, Bookstore hoisted Jacobs onto his back and toted him to safety. Gathering the surviving party members around him, Jacobs and his disciples retreated to the Cave where they set up new headquarters for the forthcoming campaign.

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Jake Gassed by New Postal Mug Picture

Albert C. Jacobs has been honored this week by the United States Post Office Department. The authorities announced that his picture would be placed on a stamp to be issued in the near future.

Jacobs will be pictured in a contemplative mood holding an elm branch in his right hand. The background of the stamp will be blue with an old gold background.

The square-shaped stamp will be worth sixty-nine cents, and will be placed on sale within the week.

Commenting on this honor, Jacobs said, "I am, of course, deeply honored and feel certain that this is the only way anyone will be able to lick me."

Candidate and Family Snow Desert Dwellers in Cool Southwest Sally

By STEVE ROPER

On a recent swing through the Southwest, campaigner Jacobs made a startling revelation. While making a small, but decisive speech in Yucca Flats, New Mexico, Jake paused briefly in his long-winded speech, wiped his perspiring brow with a yellowing manuscript, and declared: "I may build my summer White House here!" Shouts of "Viva inferno" and "Crazy Paleface" seemed to encourage the tireless campaigner, so he tried the same thing again the next day in Cactus Springs.

"I am coming back," he said, "and I'm going to bring my wife Lulu with me on my next trip." At this, cries of "Unga Unga" punctuated his closing remarks.

Probing still deeper into the Southwest, "Land of the Little People," Jakey enlarged his entourage to include his daughter Sarah; cries of anguish followed. On his final person-to-person talk during this leg of the tour, Jake brought such cheers from the male members of the Hopi Indian tribe that the ancient ceremonial dust was shaken from the rafters of the Kiva. Said Jake: "I want to spend the rest of my campaign here with you little people"; (at this point he paused briefly to tear off a strip of Buffalo meat with his teeth) "Here where the Gila monster is brother to the Kiki Bird." An orgiastic ceremonial dance, in which Jake beat out a wicked rhythm on the dum-dum,

brought an end to this phase of his campaign.

On a busy street in Los Angeles, shortly after his departure from New Mexico, Jake, now sporting a large campaign button on which "A.C.J. is O.K." was emblazoned, snaked his long arm up to windows, down into sewers, over lunch counters, and under taxi cabs, where he greeted each potential voter with a firm handshake and a sincere "Good morning, BOY!" In San Francisco, Jake had a bewildered four-year-old girl thrust into his arms and was told to kiss her. Jake tugged coyly at the corner of his soup-strainer mustache and said, "Where?"

Brushing off the attack of his opponents that he is "aristocratic" and not for the "common man," Jake was seen riding up to Tony's Pizza Paradise in Mungden, Utah, in his new Coupe De Ville with "TRIN" painted on the sides, and to enter with his arm around a small coal miner. "I'll have a corned beef sandwich on rye, and with mustard, dearie," he belted amiably at the waitress; "and bring a double grinder for my friend here," as he slapped the miner on the back. A cloud of coal dust immediately filled the little diner.

Campaigner Jacobs got his ire up briefly in Buzzard-Breath, Arizona when charged with not having a firm farm policy. "I'm just plain mad," he exclaimed, "to think that such a campaign should be carried on behind

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Fiery Hormone "Bookstore" Russell assumes his stalwart stance as Jacobite Campaign Manager.

Trinity Tripod

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SMEAR CAMPAIGN

The announcement that Dr. Jacobs has accepted the nomination for President of the United States has brought great honor on all connected with the college—from student to janitor. It behooves us, therefore, to realize that this honor carries along with it a weighty responsibility—a responsibility which we fervently believe should be emphasized in these columns.

The eyes of the nation are on us. It should be both detrimental and terribly naawsty if anyone associated with Trinity were to besmirch the excellent opportunity which has been bestowed upon Dr. Jacobs.

We believe that *right now* there exists a smear campaign against our venerable college president. It has come to our attention via a most reliable source that certain individuals connected with the aerial division of the Audubon Society have been instigating subversive activity among the campus pigeons. These young Innocents, expert in the art of aerial dive-bombing, (anti-personnel fragmentary bombs) have unknowingly been fed large quantities of milk of magnesia disguised as chicky-emulsion. The result is evident even upon a mere casual examination of the walk along the quad. Although the valiant janitors have been struggling furiously to combat this smear campaign, their ranks are thinning due to the deadly low-level straffing of their aerial antagonists. **SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!**

We advocate the following three-point plan:

1. All students must acquire a Red Ryder 1000-Shot Repeater Carbine. (Now on sale at the Bookstore; a steal at \$87.50.)
2. An immediate investigation of storeroom of the Cave. (We strongly suspect a cunning undercover agent known as "Irma" to be the dispenser of the contraband milk of magnesia.)
3. Get in the groove with Kleenex, the biggest scoop of the year.

If this plan is followed to the letter, we firmly believe that each person will be carrying his share of the load.



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"With my warmest personal regards I....."

Great White Father "Jake" Campaigns in Hopi Country

By OEDIPUS AND MOM

A source close to Capitol Hill disclosed today the text of a speech Dr. Jacobs delivered before a vast assemblage of Hopi Indians in their native dialect. The speech outlined the rudiments of the presidential candidate's platform for the 1956 campaign. Included are several of the guaranteed planks of that platform. The talk was translated by the eminent scholar Wiley Wally Cameron. (Due to political pressure, Wiley Wally was forced to shed his burnoose, leave his Frog Hollow Evangelical chapter house of the African E. and M., and, astride trustworthy Bucephalus, precipitate himself into the political arena in a valiant gesture of succor for his intimate friend and bosom buddy, Al Jacobs). The speech was as follows:

"Chief Kun-Mung, Princess Pretty-Piggy, and all my happy little friends of the desert: I stand here before you today as a humble and sincere supplicant of your good opinion. I have much to offer you, if you permit me the signal honor of becoming your GREAT WHITE FATHER. I promise you that the door to my wickiup will always be open to any one of you who feels like crawling in. There will always be a pot of dead-dog stew simmering over the fire, and Lulu and I will be most happy to share any problems you may have.

"Furthermore, I have long been at variance with the oft-quoted motto of the present administration that THE ONLY GOOD INDIAN IS A DEAD INDIAN. If

(Continued on page 4)

What young people are doing at General Electric

Young manager handles finances for \$40,000,000 business

General Electric is made up of more than 90 product departments that operate as individual "businesses" — each conducting its own legal, financial, manufacturing, engineering, marketing and research activities.

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ROBERT H. PLATT joined G.E. in 1941 after receiving his B.A. at Colgate University. He served 2 years in the Navy, attaining the rank of Lieutenant (J.G.). He is also a graduate of G.E.'s Business Training Course.

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Hood Catches Clarke in Latest Boozy Escapade



Camera catches "Curly" Clarke and janitor friend whisking away whiskey from Williams Memorial.

By STEVE ROPER

In a startling expose, aspirant Secretary of Vice, Thurman Hood, lovingly known to his students as "The Man in the Dirty-Brown Suit," had this shaking announcement:
"Last Thursday night while sleeping one off I was suddenly awakened from my stupor by the sound of hushed talking. Arising on one sturdy arm I crawled to the source of the noise just in time to see Joseph C. (C for curly) Clarke cork up the last of a batch of contraband moonshine—

169 proof. Digging into my brown bag I came up with my camera and got the photo shown above."
The Secretary went on to elaborate a long list of ignominious crimes connected with the notorious Clarke. "He has been long suspected of this practice ever since we caught him showing a shapely blonde, known as "Mel," the lounge in the tunnel under Jarvis Country Club. This practice must stop! When I take office my entire staff will toe the line, and if any of them sass me, it'll be their a . . ."

Trip . . .

(Continued from page 1)

my back. Nothing is closer to my heart than the farmers of this country." Later, whistle-stopping in Last Bender, North Dakota, Jake declared he would enlist the services of a woman as his Secretary of Agriculture, one Eunice Evalina Rakestraw Potholder. Her policy will be based on stalwart attention to duty and contour plowing. "I have always believed that rotation and supports were the answer to a balanced farm budget," Jacobs stated, "and there is, to my knowledge, no person more utterly qualified than Miss Potholder for this difficult and trying job."

At one point on his tour, Jake was besieged by fanatical supporters of the present administration. They accused him of shady "deals" with certain lard manufacturing companies, the proceeds of which were used to finance his campaign. "Oh fudge," Jake exclaimed, "this is a gross injustice. All I say ALL my campaign funds come from open and unsolicited donations. They come from such little devoted followers in Hartford as Mercer-Dunbar (a small trucking firm), and a host of loyal, wonderful students who are sacrificing their vacation money and allowances to support my cause. I also must admit that I receive a small pittance from the income made possible by the levying of campus parking fines, but this fund supplies only fifty or sixty per-cent of my total expenses."

Following his route across the West, the tireless campaigner greeted everyone from the Daughters of the Original Discoverers of Soy Beans to the Nephews of Gunga Din. He participated in the local customs of every area visited, and in Chicago he was photographed riding a pogo stick through the pens at the Stock Yards. Emerging slightly pungent but ever smiling, Jake was seen last as he boarded a train for the East. Flashing his "I'll always be a boy at heart" grin at the cameramen, he stuffed Easter eggs in his mouth and waved to the vast assemblage as his train pulled out of the station.

Larry Towle Tosses in the Towel; Cans Republicans; Jake's for Him

Dr. Lawrence W. Towle, famed head of the Economics Department at Trinity, has officially announced that he will accept the post of Secretary of Labor should A. C. Jacobs be elected to the Presidency of the United States. Tripod reporter, J. Sediment Droolberry was an hand at Towle's executive offices in Seabury 42 when the momentous announcement was released to the press.

Towle, a staunch supporter of labor unions, bounced exuberantly as flash bulbs popped and newsreel cameras ground into history the event taking place. After a round of hand shaking and broad smiles, Towle stepped to the microphones of Radio Free Trinity to make his acceptance speech. The text of which follows:

"Gentlemen, to quote the words of our esteemed Jacobite leader, I must say that it is with deepest humility that I accept this great honor.

"As you all know, in the past I have been a tried and true conservative Re-

Scheuch Shirks the Monaco Ball for ACJ

"Smilin'" Dick Scheuch, long-time colleague and arch-enemy of Larry Towle, and also Sergeant-At-Arms of Local 6294 of the Teamsters Union charged Towle with "underhanded, union scare tactics, and extortion" in securing his presently-to-be position. "Smilin'" Dick, also known as "Mr. Big" of Frog Hollow had been vying for the Labor position against Towle.

Scheuch, whose name is often mentioned in underworld circles, was not available for any further comment at this time as he is enroute home from Monaco after attending the Kelly-Rainier wedding festivities.

Reuters, the British news service, stated that it was believed Scheuch's mission in Monaco was to unionize the croupiers at Monte Carlo. Scheuch's plan for these men included a Guaranteed Annual Wage. This part of the program was to be carried out by telling the croupiers to steal all they could get their hands on, thus guaranteeing their wages.



publican. I have blamed the Democrats for everything that has happened in this great country of ours, BUT in my past three years of association with Albert Jacobs, I have been enlightened on many of my past beliefs. First, the Dems were not to blame for the past mistakes in this great country. Instead, I have found that both the Democrats and the Republicans were equally at fault, BUT I can assure you that none of these mistakes will be repeated should our man (Jacobs) be elected.

"I would like to add at this time that I have known Albert for some time. In fact, our first meeting took place back in 1929. I remember it so clearly now—We were both having lunch in the men's room of the Portland Bank. I had just finished a liver-wurst on rye when the door opened and in walked A.C.J. His first words were, 'You know every time you cash

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Starlet Gazing and Alp Elephant Back Up Butts

"Butts" Butler, long known for his unusual but effective publicity stunts, has just been appointed campaign publicity manager, it was announced by the Jacobs' campaign headquarters today. Butler was chosen for his excellent work in handling several of the movie actresses of past years. (See picture.)

Some of the publicity tricks that have made "Butts" a household word throughout the world have been: repeating Hannibal's ride through the Alps backwards in a snowstorm to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Tom Sawyer (You see Tom Sawyer was written by Mark Twain whose real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens who was born in a little town in Missouri called Hannibal; the tie-up is obvious); in nineteen-ought-twenty-nine "Butts" captured the all-time world's baby-sitting record by sitting with a young movie starlet for over forty-one days.

To increase the market for pasteurized platypus pap, in North Bumber-shoot, Transylvania, he spent two weeks hatching the egg of a duck-billed platypus (which he later claimed as his rightful heir). This last stunt nearly cost "Butts" his life as he was spurred by the poisonous mother in the portion of his antomy closest to

the egg. (This is where the nick-name originated.)

Asked what he had planned for the coming presidential campaign, Butler replied; "Instead of passing out stickers or pins as most presidential candidates have in the past, I'm thinking of having Jake (I always call him Jake) merely pass out, preferably during a difficult question on that T.V. panel program 'Meet The Pres.' or to modernize the campaign we are planning. Instead of the usual campaign buttons, we shall have campaign zip-pers."

Great White Father . . .

(Continued from page 2)

I am elected, I promise to combat this evil policy through the following measures:

1. I will put to death all members of the present administration who are now, or who have ever been members of the SPCHI. (Society for the Prolongation of Cruelty to Hopi Indians)

2. I will raise the standard of living of the average Hopi Indian to \$69 per capita annually.

3. I will guarantee personally that no Hopi Indian will be required to pay more than sixteen tons of corn for income tax each year.



Jacobite Campaign Publicity Manager, Butts Butler seen on location during publicity stunt.

4. I will forbid any and all shipments of guns to the Arabs.

5. I am against birth control; I will enlist the aid of Rocket Risdon to combat those Connecticut fatheads who oppose me on this point.

6. I am for Firewater. I want to see "multi" liters of this splendid liquid trickling from the doorstep of every Hopi hacienda.

7. Last of all, I will see to it that outside every tepee there is a genuine flush toilet.

"How will I accomplish all these things, you ask? First of all, I plan to exterminate all the Apaches. (The Apaches have long since declared their

sympathies with the policy of Jake's political opponents.) I will confiscate every available voodoo doll south of Illinois; I will, lastly, dedicate myself to the emancipation and perpetual freedom of the African Society for the Study of the Sex Life of the Tsetse Fly.

"In closing, I want to express my heartfelt gratitude and thanks to all my Indian constituents, their squaws and papooses, for their patience and hospitality. You cannot estimate the extent of my desire to this guldern election."

At the conclusion of his speech, the seemingly tireless campaigner imme-

Towle Tosses Towel . . .

(Continued from page 3)

a check, you take a chance! These words have remained with me till this day because I considered them to be one of the finest statements I had ever heard. After Jacobs had said this I knew that here was a man who knew what he was talking about; here was a man that was going to get someplace in life. I ask you gentlemen of the press, was I not correct in my assumption?

"BUT, gentlemen let's get down to business. Are there any questions?"

Q. Dr. Towle what do you intend to do about the Taft-Hartley Act when you are installed?

A. "Fight to have it repealed, of course. It's a useless piece of legislation designed to foster capitalistic principles."

Q. How about the Guaranteed Annual Wage, Doctor?

A. "I intend to ask Congress to enact a GAW that will affect all people no matter what their occupation. Bookies, con-men, janitors, street walkers, I don't care what they do for a living."

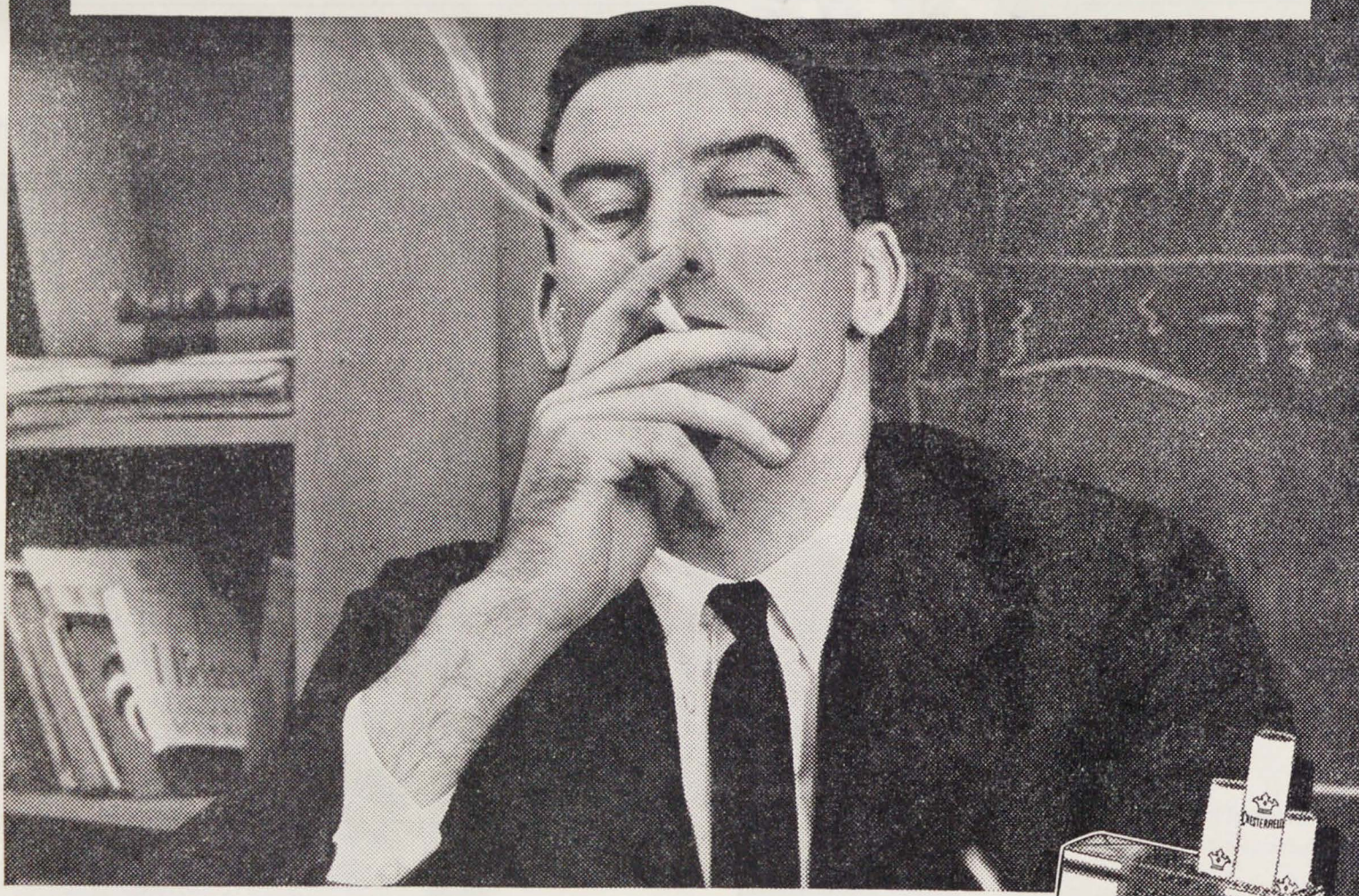
At this point, two of Towle's cohorts, "Candy" Candelet and "Raunchy" Rauner entered the executive suite to offer their congratulations. Towle was not available for comment concerning the possibility of these men serving under him in Washington.

After another round of Kefauver-type hand-shaking the group left Towle's offices, and with Larry, himself, leading, the group began a snake dance which led them to Jacobite party offices in the Cave.

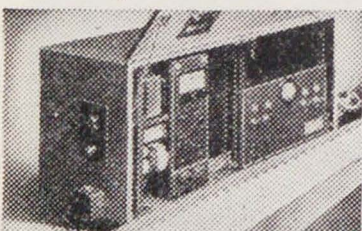
diately took horse for Chicago, where he was scheduled to speak at the Annual Sheep Dip in the stockyards of the Windy City.

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